

A LECTURE
ON THE
SOCIAL AND POLITICAL CASE
OF
IRELAND,
DELIVERED BY
DR. CAHILL,
IN THE
CITY HALL, MONTREAL,
ON
FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 24, 1862.



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1862,

DR. CAHILL.

THIS distinguished divine and scholar, of whose lineaments we present our readers with an admirable outline, is now in the full vigor of his age and intellect. He is the son of a gentleman well known in the midland and southern portions of Ireland, as an eminent engineer and surveyor, and was thus almost necessarily, from his earliest years, practised in those exact sciences upon which, in a large degree, eminence in those professions is dependent. Thus—and in those early years, it is when instruction is imparted to command success, and when skill is acquired with a readiness almost intuitive—was laid the foundation of that scientific eminence for which, in after life, Dr. Cahill has been remarkable.

By the female side, the subject of our sketch is of Spanish descent; his patronymic is thoroughly Celtic, and the whole temperament and habitudes of the man, so far as the discipline of the priest permits them to be manifested, develop, in an extraordinary degree, the characteristics of both these races. The Rev. gentleman's *physique*, too, is indicative of this descent. His complexion is brown, his hair dark, his eyes black, and deeply thoughtful, his person tall, and of massive yet graceful proportions; he presents, in these respects, a personification of the attributes of both peoples, most striking and demonstrative. In stature, Dr. Cahill far transcends the ordinary; he stands not less than six feet five inches.

The Rev. gentleman is a native of the Queen's County, in Ireland, and a subject of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin, over which presided, when he was a young man, the celebrated Dr. Doyle, the J. K. L. of the pre-emancipation period. The tendency of the studies which he inevitably entered upon, the combined Spanish and Celtic temperament, the physical development with which nature had endowed him, tended naturally, one would almost say, to direct his views toward the army, which, in those days, presented a noble field to the aspirant after military fame, and a theatre upon which engineering skill and scientific knowledge were sure to rise to fame and station. Accordingly, young D. W. Cahill was originally intended for the army. A more glorious field of operation, however, awaited him; a warfare more noble and more suited to the powers he has since displayed; a contention in which he has won fame, which no facilities in another career could have equalled, and from which christianity, it may be hoped, has reaped some harvest, and mankind been the gainer. The young intended soldier rejected, like St. Ignatius, the colors, the war steed, and the cannon, to enlist under the banner of the cross, and while yet a youth, entered upon those studies which qualify the man to become the minister of God, and the servant of the altar.

The Rev. Dr. Cahill was, at an early age, a student of the lay side of Carlow College, after which he studied, for some time, under those masters of education, who have outstripped all other professors of the sciences, the Jesuits. Here, having entered somewhat upon those studies more appropriate to the profession he had chosen, he was distinguished as a scholar. In due time he entered Maynooth, and commenced that course of severe study, and rigid discipline, which have rendered that ground so eminent, and made its *alumni* so eminent

as scholars, so self-denying as priests. At Maynooth, Dr. Cahill read a full course of theology and natural philosophy, under the distinguished professors of that time, Dr. Delahogue, and Dr. MacHale, now the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam. In Hebrew, and the cognate studies, he became a great proficient under Dr. Brown, for many years past the exemplary bishop of Kilmore. Under Dr. Boylan, who was himself an ornament of the Irish prelacy, he studied German, French and Italian, in all which languages our reverend friend obtained such proficiency, as placed him amongst the most proficient, not only of his years, but of his college.

Having completed the usual but severe routine of the minor ordinary studies, the Rev. gentleman then received orders, and was elected to the Dunboyne establishment of Maynooth, where he spent an additional period of years in reading a more advanced course of theology and ecclesiastical history. In due time he was taken into full orders in the Church, of which he is now so happily an ornament.

We have not spoken of the *eclat* with which the subject of our notice went through his college studies; we may say once for all, that the capacities then manifested were such, and so prominent, as to prefigure the maturity of their present development. The estimation in which he *was held at home*, where his qualities were best known, was shewn by his being selected for the professorship of natural philosophy in Carlow, then under the rectorship of the Right Rev. Dr. Doyle, himself a *litterateur* of the most distinguished character; and as proof that his talents were recognized beyond the sphere in which they were exercised with so much efficacy, we may mention that the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon him by the Pope.

In Carlow College he continued for some years to teach, not only natural philosophy, but mathematics and astronomy; in which latter science we believe he possesses an eminence not exceeded by any man of our day.

As a scholar in practical sciences, we should mention that the Rev. Dr. studied chemistry, as a laboratory student, under the late Dr. Barker, of Trinity College, Dublin, a gentleman who produced such pupils as Sir Robert Kane and others.

So far of Dr. Cahill as a student and a professor; the rest is known to all his countrymen—it may briefly be communicated to others. After a residence of some years in the College of Carlow, the Rev. gentleman, at the earnest solicitation of many distinguished personages, who being Catholics, were desirous of having their children educated in the faith, as well as in the higher science, transferred the sphere of his operations to Dublin. For many years subsequently the Dr. had conducted a seminary, at Seapoint, near Blackrock, which, for eminence and respectability, was not excelled by any in the country.

During all this time, Dr. Cahill was known as a preacher of singular force and clearness, and of great yet simple eloquence—characteristics which his scientific acquirements, and knowledge of ancient and modern classics, qualified him largely to put forth. He was invited, consequently, to preach in many and distant portions of the kingdom of Ireland, and in England also, upon important occasions. At whatever inconvenience to himself, he never negatived those applications, which were so frequent; the result was, that he gave up the seminary, to proclaim more and more to the world the great truths of the gospel.

LECTURE.

On the evening of Friday, the 24th instant, Dr. CAHILL lectured a third time in the City Concert-hall; the subject on this occasion being, "The Social and Political Case of Ireland." The theme was one which attracted an overflowing audience, numbering between two and three thousand. The appearance of the distinguished orator on the platform was the signal for loud and long-continued cheering. In person, the Doctor is dignified and commanding in the extreme; and his voice is admirably adapted to give expression to the eloquent sentiments; as well as the comic and pathetic anecdotes, with which his lectures abound.

When the applause had subsided, the Doctor said:

I am almost certain that I heard a Tipperary shout, as I was coming out. [Cheers and laughter.] The sweet music of the Tipperary shout is certainly lingering under this roof. [Renewed cheers.] I am greatly obliged to you. I am sorry that I labor under a great disadvantage in addressing you. I am afraid that I shall be unable to make myself understood, because I have the Irish accent. [Laughter.] I have a very large subject before me, ladies and gentlemen, this evening, — the subject of The Social and Political Case of Ireland. It is a subject exceedingly large and very much embarrassed; but I shall endeavour to bring you through it, calmly, coldly, quietly, and logically; barely presenting the facts to you, in order to refresh your memory of what, no doubt, many of you are already acquainted with.

It is generally supposed that Ireland is one of the oldest countries in the world. This is not the case, however. Assyria was far more ancient, and Babylon. Babylonia and Assyria were contemporaneous, about two hundred years after the flood. Persia and Egypt, also, are of more remote antiquity; and, after Persia, Greece and the old Roman empire; and then we have Ireland, about seven hundred years before the Christian era. [Here a dog barked outside the hall, when the Dr. said, "This is the member for Barkshire, I think." (Loud laughter.)] We see, then, the succession of nations, — the Babylonian and Assyrian, the Persian and Egyptian, the Grecian and the Roman. About four hundred years after the Christian era, the Roman empire was divided into two portions. The Empire of the West declined in the fifth century: the Eastern did not end till about twelve hundred years after

the Christian era. So recollect that we are not the oldest: we did not come into being till about seven centuries before the Christian era.

I regret that I cannot speak Irish. [Laughter.] Every bit of me is Irish, except my tongue. [Renewed laughter.] I gave you a beautiful specimen of Irish the other day. When the telegraph was invented, they employed two Greek words to express writing at a distance, "telegraph." Then they changed it to "telegram;" that is, a thing written at a distance. But the Irish coined a more ingenious term, and called it *Skíel el botha*; or, *News upon sticks*. [Laughter.] The Irish language has come down to us in a most beautiful and finished shape. The number of the words, the extent and variety of its verbs, render it a language equal, perhaps superior, to the Greek. Five or six words can be put together; and the harmony of its syllables is such, that the Irish language is perhaps equal to the most beautiful languages of Europe. If properly cultivated, it would be the most figurative and flowery. Of all the languages in the world, it is said to be the best adapted for scolding. [Laughter.] So fiery, so sharp, and so polished is it, that a man is wounded before he has found that the polished weapon has entered him. The Irish tongue is also beautifully adapted to poetry. I mention these things, that you may form some idea of its power and richness. [Applause.]

Julius Cæsar came to England seventy-five years before the birth of our Lord. Ancient Rome was then the great empire of the world; having succeeded to the Grecian. France was a colony, Spain, too, was a colony, and Germany was almost one; and the Romans made England one, when they came and conquered it, seventy-five years before the Christian era. And the historians say, "When Cæsar conquered England, what a pity that he did not conquer Ireland too! He would have given it unity and entirety, and prevented it from falling a prey to every foe that proposed to invade our country." The historians have nearly all suggested this problem, and lamented that, while conquering England, Julius Cæsar did not also, at the same time, subdue Ireland. Having five kings, they must always be quarrelling: mostly about love. [Laughter.] And the kingdoms were so small, that it made matters worse. Being descended from five kings, from that day to this we have been a royal race. [Cheers and laughter.] Truly, a stream of water will carry the source a great way [cheers]: we have the pride of our ancestors in us. [Laughter.] But never having been conquered, we have never been one people; and therefore the national blood never circulated through one heart, which could meet the foe, instead of five. Therefore it is very unfortunate that we were not conquered.

The great power of England lies in her unity. I am fond of the English, but I hate the infamous English cabinet, because it oppresses my country. [Cheers.] The English people are the finest people in the world. They courageously follow a leader, and adhere to him; but we put up a leader, and, having looked at him a week, we tear him down again. [Laughter and cheers.] So when Cæsar conquered England, it is a pity he did not conquer Ireland; for then we should have had unity of action. Ancient Rome fell about A. D. 495: she had nearly fallen in 475. At the time Rome fell, she was the great governor of Europe; having a large portion of Europe subject to her. She ruled from Morocco to Asia-Minor, or over what was called the Coast of Barbary. She possessed more than one-half of Europe; owned nearly sixty millions of slaves, and is said to have had more than five hundred millions of subjects. And when she had fallen, all the nations which she had subjected rose up for independence. Spain rose up, and France, and England; and when they all rose up, they had too much to do to think of Ireland. In fact, they did not know Ireland. There was then all over Europe, what they called a *bouleversement*,--a general uprising of nations, and upheaving of society. What did Ireland do? She turned to religion. St. Patrick arrived there, and taught them religion and literature. We have still some pieces of Alfred's poetry, copied and recopied, it is true. Any one that entered a monastery was free from military service. They turned themselves to literature; therefore, Ireland was called the land of scholars and of saints. We turned ourselves to literature, and afterwards we went through Europe, and taught all Europe. We therefore became a nation of scholars, and a nation of saints. This is a fine subject, but I cannot dwell on it at present. There were so many monks in Ireland that they turned to transcribing the Bible, and got out one every day, in what they called illuminated print. You would not know it from print. It had been asked: Why had not you the Bible all over Ireland, as in the present day? Because we had no print in the 14th century. Therefore we had no printed Bible. I once called upon my attorney and said to him: "What could you give me an attested copy of the Old and New Testament for?" He counted the number of words in the Old and New Testament, and said he could not give an attested copy for less than £800. Think of that. How could we circulate the Bible under these circumstances? If you looked into the labor of the monks, you would find that it was a feat of printing greater than the *Times* newspaper in London. The *Times* newspaper is able to turn out a million copies a day. It was as difficult to turn out a copy of the old Bible in manual

print, as to turn out the *Times* newspaper. You can now get a copy for half a dollar. Let these facts stand in your memory as long as you live. It was one of the greatest feats of the day that, in the midst of bloodshed, they preserved their Christianity. They filled all Europe, and from that day to this, Ireland has been called the land of scholars and the land of saints. [Cheers.] Europe wanted teachers, and the missionaries of Ireland went through all Europe. I have a large volume filled with facts that show the manner in which these missionaries travelled through all Europe teaching their faith. When the wars were partially over, we turned round and taught all Europe letters and religion. [Cheers.] Irish churches were established in Holland, Belgium, and elsewhere. Wherever you go, you find the mark of Ireland. [Cheers.] Several countries have endeavored to cast ridicule on us, but have they common honesty? For when the torches were extinguished in other countries, they had to come to the sacred altars of Ireland, and take sacred fire from our altars to relight the flame of learning in other countries in Europe. [Cheers.] The sons of foreign kings were educated in Ireland; they had to come there to learn letters and religion. In 902, Alfred studied at Lismore, and we have some of his poetry, re-copied, of course, to this day. This short view will be sufficient to set before you in a better light some of the early history of our country. [Cheers.]

Well, we were entirely independent, but we began to quarrel. [Laughter.] Only five kings ruling over this small territory [laughter], and one great king over the other four small ones! [Renewed laughter.] Five monarchs in a cabbage garden! [Loud laughter.] And thus every one of us is the son of a king. No one in Europe is equal to us, or superior to us. [Laughter.] We were very religious and very learned. Beautiful remains of architecture have been discovered in our churches. St. Patrick brought from Rome the initiative principles of architecture. They learnt to paint also. You know Rome was skilled in painting, where Michael Angelo and other painters flourished. Sculpture followed painting, and music followed sculpture. The principal books studied in colleges had been composed. Virgil lived there. Homer flourished about 900 years before the Christian era. Cicero, the great orator, lived a little before the Christian era. So that the great epic poets were well known in Rome, and St. Patrick came to Ireland perfectly finished in scholarship. He accordingly became afterwards the great teacher of the arts in Ireland. Thus Ireland surpassed all Europe, and taught all Europe when involved in war. At this time we were conquered by England. This was in the 12th century. I dare

not say a single word about the England of the present day. I am, in fact, forbidden to do so. [Laughter.] I am told you are the happiest people in the world.

Henry II, with a few horse and foot, conquered Ireland, through a love affair between two of our Kings—the King of Meath and the King of Leinster, and thus involved us in difficulties from that day to this. No one can know what it is to be oppressed but those who have experienced it. In the train of oppression comes a series of evils which no one living can comprehend. No one man can get dominion over another but he will treat him like a slave. And if it be so unhappy a thing for one man to get power over another, how much more unhappy for one nation to get power over another! So we were conquered by Henry II. Then Ireland experienced the miseries of subjection,—man is so cruel over his fellow! It was then that the hoof of the oppressor was placed on us, and we have never been able to shake it off from that day to this. [Groans.] But we had great spirits in those days. Not in Roman or Grecian story were there finer fellows. From the year 1158 to 1547—never forget that—Ireland was held under the yoke of a Catholic government. No nation, no matter what it is, can assume dominion over another without oppressing it. I will give you one little fact to shew you the miseries endured by Ireland in those days. When the English came to Kilkenny the soldiers were forbidden to marry the Kilkenny girls. I am apt to joke on some occasions, but here I must be serious. It was proclaimed that any soldier that married a Kilkenny girl should receive fifty lashes. [Sensation.] Out of seven hundred soldiers six hundred and ninety-nine received the lashes [Laughter], and the one that did not receive the lashes had the name of being the dirty fellow of the regiment. [Laughter.] You know the military are the most honorable men in the world. A soldier will not allow a stain to be on his sword, and he hands down his bright sword to his son, saying: There is not a stain on this sword. Think, then, of the cruelty of these men who gave six hundred and ninety-nine fellows fifty lashes each, and tried to break their hearts, for marrying a Kilkenny girl. This was done by Catholic England—never forget that. I would be a very improper teacher if I did not bring this fact under your notice. From that period up to the time of Elizabeth, in 1558, the Irish stood together, bore the oppression of England, and maintained their nationality and their creed. [Cheers.] Elizabeth then came to the throne, and reigned forty-five years. During this time the Irishman was not allowed to have a school; a schoolmaster who ventured to teach the alphabet was hanged. All property was taken away; all learning and all religion

were punished; the priest who celebrated mass was prosecuted for felony; and seventy thousand of our fathers put to death. [Great sensation.] You are surprised. I would rather see you take out your handkerchiefs and cry. I have never entered a library but I have found in books about Ireland that ninety-nine pages out of a hundred were lies against Ireland. Even in French libraries it is the case; ninety-nine pages out of the hundred of every thing about Ireland are made up of the greatest falsehoods. How did this happen? England was rapidly advancing at that time in the arts and sciences; they swept the seas; they beat the French before this time; their navy was invincible. The English flag was like a meteor; it flashed from north to south. They could write what they liked of us then, and we were not allowed to say a word in reply. [Cheers.] And from 1172 to 1731, nearly six hundred years, the English nation was powerful and learned. They sent their ships through the world, and libelled Ireland. I remember reading in Gerald Cambrensis, a Welsh writer, a statement that in the north of Ireland the plough was tied to the horse's tail. [Laughter.] We expected in our troubles that France or Spain would protect us. Not so. It is true they did not circulate lies about us, but they received those lies. In fact we never got help from any nation in Europe. Ours, indeed, was a terrible condition. All our monasteries, all our religious houses were thrown down; our land was taken from us; all the soil we could claim was the gloomy churchyard, where we might stand on the graves of our headless fathers. The time to go there was when the moon was setting. I should like to go and make a speech there. I would say to my hearers, meet me in the churchyard, and I will stand upon the priest's grave and call upon the spirit of the murdered dead to arise. Then if the ghastly apparition came I might speak to you about the history of Ireland. But what had we then to read? Nothing but our fathers' tombstones, where a single sentence embodied the patriot's highest wish and aspiration. [Applause.] We followed the priest at night into the mass-bush, as such places are even now called in Ireland. Here the pastor met his parishioners in the dead of the night; or, as it has been better said, the shepherd came there at night, sounded his whistle, and when the flock heard that whistle they knew that there was help at hand to keep off the terrors of the wolf. / Oh many a morning sun rose on the trembling devotions of our fathers. In the time of Elizabeth there was only one bishop in Ireland; his name was McDonald, and he was a Scotchman. He went through the country dressed in sailor's clothes, to keep the flock together. There was nobody in the country but women and children, as the fathers had been put to death.

Those helpless ones assembled in some unfrequented place, in the dark valley, on the top of the devious mountain, where they met their priest, and enjoyed the consolations of religion. There was a place called O'Loughlan, where thirteen men were put to death because they refused to change their religion. Their Captain's name was Vigars, and some of the best people now in the County Carlow are of the same name. They were killed in a church, where they had been confined the night before. There was amongst the party a young boy, 17 years of age, who begged the commanding officer to put him to death first, so that he might not see his father die. But even this horrible consolation was refused him—the father was killed first. [Groans.] It has been said the Irish were violent, and I admit they were so, and very violent. But how could men be otherwise in the face of facts like these? What have we even lately seen in Ireland? Our villages thrown down, the poor-houses choked with the putrid flesh of the pauper, and the graveyard overflowing with the putrid matter of the dead. Have we not seen those water-hearses, the emigrant ship, carrying the children of Ireland, the children of forty centuries, across the stormy Atlantic, only to whiten the bottom of the ocean with their bones. We are accused after this of being violent; yet our hearts are human, and if we see we must also feel. As the great Irish orator Sheil said:—Ireland is like a captive carried off to Australia as a convict; when the tempest howls through the rigging and the sea lashes the sides of the vessel, and terror strikes on the countenance of everybody,—when the waves are opening to swallow the ship, then the captive alone smiles, for his only hope of escape is the wreck of the vessel." [Loud applause.] The facts I have related are all statistical. There are more. When James, son of Mary, Queen of Scots, came to the throne, he said—we will kill no more of these Irish. They seem to spring up from the grave as quick as we kill them. For every one put to death ten start up in his place. We will first begin to change their names, commencing with the children, nearly all of whom were orphans. Just at this time James had given a number of baronies to his friends. These men found out that land was no use unless cultivated, so the few Irish that remained they brought down from the mountains, and these few men paid high rents for the land and worked cheerfully. Now for the first time for a long period they got leave to build houses, and they rapidly improved. The O'Doughertys, the O'Donnells and the O'Neils, were very numerous in the North of Ireland. The king began to change their names in this manner: to give them the appellation of trades, such as Baker, Mason, Brick, [laughter,] Smith, Carpenter, Rafter, the side-stick of a house—[much laughter.] Then he called them after the

peculiarities of their several localities, such as Stone, Rivers, Banks, Bush. [Laughter.] Then he called them after the beasts of the field, such as Hare, Fox, Wolf. [Great merriment.] Then he called them after the birds of the air, as Woodcock and Crow. [Peals of laughter.] Then after the fish, such as Pike and Salmon. [Renewed laughter.] In fact he called them everything in the world but their own Irish names. But do you think for a moment that a proud O'Donnell matron of the North, would at the mere bidding of King James, call her little fellow, Peter Woodcock? [Loud and enthusiastic cheering.] The O'Donnells and the O'Doughertys kept their names, in defiance of king and every one else. [Renewed applause.] This act of the monarch was the most ignorant and imbecile act in the world. But let that pass. In 1649 Cromwell came, and the poor fellows who had been enticed from the mountains to cultivate the land, had all their little savings swept away. I will not vouch for all that I say in the humorous vein, but here is a story of a jury of Cromwell's, and he, you know, was a very religious man. An Irishman was put in the dock for committing murder; the jury found him guilty, and the Judge put on the black cap to pass sentence, when the dead man walked into Court. [Laughter.] It was proved that this was the man supposed to be murdered. The Judge then addressing the jury said—There are two kinds of verdicts: a moral verdict given on oath and founded upon the evidence; still this verdict might be false. Then there is the metaphysical verdict, which was, that if the dead man stood before them, it was metaphysically certain he was not dead. So he sent the jury back to the room to bring in a proper verdict. After 20 minutes they returned with a verdict of guilty. The Judge was quite surprised, and asked for an explanation. The Foreman replied the prisoner had stolen a grey mare from him eight years ago, and he would let the verdict remain as it was! [Laughter.] In the time of Cromwell there was a Judge in Drogheda, named Bancroft, I believe, and a most ugly man he was, as they would have said in my grandfather's time, but as we would say a plain man. A certain man was convicted and about to be sentenced for some offence, and the Judge asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. The prisoner asked in reply—"Where are you going to be buried?" The Judge asked what had that to do with the subject. The prisoner answered—"I hope you'll be buried 10 miles from me, so that on the last day, when Michael sounds his trumpet you will be by yourself, in order that every man may have his head on him, before you have a chance of changing yours, for you'll never go into eternity with that head upon your shoulders." [Loud laughter.] Now no man living

could justify such language under such solemn circumstances, but the people then looked upon death as martyrdom for their faith, and upon life as an infliction; so that is the moral of the story I have told you. In 1688, in the time of William, our countrymen were fighting the battles of Ireland in France; but they had even to procure a certificate to enter the army. And Irishmen were also fighting in the ranks of the English King. Indeed the flag of England's victory was never raised but upon the blood of Ireland. Our loyalty has never been questioned. We were always loyal to the throne, but not always, perhaps, to the man who sat upon it. At the battle of Trafalgar there was a certain Irish lieutenant, named O'Connor, who was wounded in the side. A sailor put some ropes under him to keep his wound from pressing on the deck; putting his hand between the wound and the rope, the lieutenant caught some drops of blood, and regarding them earnestly said, "I would die happy if that blood was spilled for Ireland." This brave seaman at the time he uttered this expression was doing his duty nobly for England. I have said we were always loyal to the throne, and hope we will always be so. But in fact in every country in the world the loyalty of Catholics and Irishmen is proverbial. In the time of the Georges we could not vote. After a period we got leave to vote on the forty-shilling freehold. The next important point in history is that O'Connell, the great O'Connell, [loud applause,] obtained Emancipation, for which he had struggled so long. But this was only won after superhuman efforts. Now there was another change in our condition. We could send into Parliament our favorite members,—never on account of religion, but because we thought they would do us justice. Then they took away the forty-shilling freehold, and we could not vote unless we had a lease. Then our leases were taken away; but they could not take away what is still preserved by Irishmen,—the two great qualities of Irishmen, love of country and love of religion. [Applause.] Our rulers said, "As long as that people are educated, they must give us trouble, so let us educate them ourselves;" and then they gave us the national system, which we rejected. We wanted a Catholic education, or none at all. We are still quarrelling about this question. They then sent men through Ireland, called soupers [laughter], and these men went from house to house to change the faith of the people. They tell a story of a poor Galway fellow standing at his poor cabin with his shoulder against the door. His clothes of course were bad. Three well-dressed gentlemen came up and asked him if he had work for his wife and family. He replied, no. They said, "We will give you work if you join us,—clothes, money, and food;

plenty of fuel, and 10s. a week." He answered, "I'll never feed my wife on perjury. [Applause.] I'll never clothe my little children by apostacy. And as for myself, I would not take a drink of your perdition if you gave a golden cup to drink it in." [Renewed applause.] There was a neighbor with him at the time, and he called the three gentlemen back, and wanted to know what they were willing to give. They repeated the offers they had just been making, when he inquired, "Are you willing to provide coals for eternity?" [Loud laughter.] I don't subscribe to any idea of this kind, and merely tell you the story as I heard it. Gregory of Galway got an Act passed by which every man who did not own a quarter of an acre of land should have his cabin thrown down; and between 1840 and 1850, 70 cabins out of every 100 were demolished. I have always made it a point, in Ireland, to visit the poor emigrants aboard the ships before starting, and request the American captains to treat the poor fellows as well as possible. I was always freely answered that on my account this should be done. I remember one day seeing an old man, on the deck of one of these vessels, thinly clad and his grey hair scattered by the wind; he had a little grandchild clinging to his back; it was March weather, and the little child's feet and legs were blue with cold. I never was so much affected. The old man had a dog in his hands,—the ugliest dog in the world, a mere bundle of hair. I asked him what induced him to bring that dog with him. He replied that one of his grandchildren and the dog—"Brandy" it was called—were brought into the world on the same day. The old man also said that the dog's mother had been in his house many years; he also said—I came from the County Meath; our landlord gave us £5 one day for throwing down our houses, as he did not wish to have the shame of doing it himself. The dog's house was thrown down too; the animal followed me; I threw stones at him, but he passed into a ditch, and still kept after me, when the children cried: bring "Brandy" along, and we'll divide our victuals with him. At this point the dog began to bark. I asked the old man the reason, when he answered—"it is for shame; does he not hear us talking about the landlord?" [Laughter and applause.] These ideas give a foreigner a better notion of our country than the deepest and most elaborate history could do. When we could not be overcome by education and soupierism, they began to exterminate us. You cannot form an idea of the state of the multitudes of poor families turned out on every Christmas Eve. The weakly people perished by the ditches,—the old people and children went to the town to die of fever, and the healthy came to America. Our country is a desert. You can travel in Clare thirteen miles without seeing a

house. I can see Clare at this moment. Yes, the finest county in Ireland is a desert. When I hear people say that Ireland is a fine country, I can't stand it. I reply: yes, it's a beautiful sheepwalk; a fine place for carrots, turnips and mangold wurtzel. The sheepwalks of Ireland cover the bones of countless dead. Every potato draws its nutriment from the blood of the former tillers of the soil. Every bullock walks over a man, his wife and children. These people did not die; they were murdered. Ireland is a fine country, yes, it smiles over graves, and the soil is saturated with blood. Yes, you may say indeed it is the best sheepwalk in Europe. Its bullocks are not to be equalled in the London market. But then, above all this rises the wail of the widow, and the cry of the orphan over the grave of the murdered father! It is remarked, we get up agricultural societies, and fine stock are exhibited. What do you mean, I say, by bringing your beautiful cattle here. Do you say these cattle are the stock the farmers have? Then you are circulating a lie. You might as well bring your wife with her silk dress and gold watch and chain, and say the farmers' wives have the same. You might as well bring your servant in livery, and say the farmers are as well clad and as well fed. I say you are living on the bones of the dead, and holding feasts on the rotten flesh of 40 centuries. [Loud applause.] I, myself, have a love for agriculture as a scientific man. But I cannot stand these shows in Ireland. Emigration is the only resort of every one of us. When I shake hands with an emigrant in America, I know by the soft hands of the young man that he has not had the opportunity to work on his father's farm. When I see the servant girls, I know by their light step they are Irish. You know that they have been well taught, the majority of them, and by their appearance, their mien and their character, the beautiful Irish daughters of our country's farmers. Our people have been well treated in America. They have treated all of us exceedingly well. When I was in Richmond, Va., I met some excellent gentlemen there, and I have been asked, "What is the reason, Dr. Cahill, that you Irish are always howling? All the newspapers complain of the howl from you Irish. The cries of you fellows will never stop—what is the reason?" I have answered—there is a gentleman in England named Miall, a Methodist, and a very religious man. Well, the Church establishment in England costs six millions and a half. Mr. Miall said to me "I'm an Englishman, and never do anything dishonourable. I have 150 Members of Parliament at my back, and here is what my friends and I complain of: besides the annual expenditure in the Church in England, Ireland, and Wales, there are £150,000 spent in Ireland in schools and £30,000 on Maynooth. Then the Presby-

terians have the *Regium Donum*, amounting to about £70,000 a year, something like £75 to each clergyman. Now, said Mr. Miall, I could overturn any government, but I will not be factious. I will never do anything till I have 350 men at my back; then we will have the majority, and will demand the extinction of all church patronage in a week, and will obtain it." The late Lord Canning said that the Church establishment was the most outrageous injustice in the world; and that for 500,000 people in Ireland to compel 6,000,000 to pay for their religion was monstrous. It is a terrible thing to have to pay for the shoes of another man or the meat that he eats, but it is an awful thing to have to pay for the opinions another man has in his own head alone. (Laughter.) To pay a man for abusing you from one end of the year to the other was certainly a case of great hardship. (Laughter.) But the minority say that they will drive the majority out of the country and kill them off by act of Parliament. They are driving them out of the country as fast as they can, in order to put an end to agitation in Ireland which is a shocking thing to the minority there. This is now called the Parliamentary argument. The minority are determined upon universal expatriation and extermination. This, as I said to my friends in Richmond, is one of the reasons that we are always howling. The gentlemen said they had never heard these facts before. This minority will take down the majority, but I suppose the justice of England will settle it before destroying another million of us. The people of Canada are comparatively very happy. If I asked you would you destroy the Union, you would reply "no." I say neither would the people of Ireland if they had the same kind of union. My friends, I can praise your government here with all my heart. (Loud applause.)

And here let me sum up the case of Ireland. For 700 years we could not read nor write. We had no commerce; how could we, with an acre of land, and a quarter acre of bog? no money, and were not, during 700 years, able to fill one public situation. We have suffered more persecution than any other nation. Every other nation has been broken and united again, but we never; and in this respect we are the same that we were 700 years ago. But, at all events, we have maintained our religious integrity, and will never join hands with any one that insults our creed or country. [Applause.] All the world may change in these respects, but we never will. If you ask me, is there no good to be derived from all these evils? I answer, yes, there is. God has scattered us over the world to spread religion. If he had made us a nation as prosperous as England, we might never have sent so many saints to Heaven. Thus we may have peopled His kingdom with more inhabi-

tants, than if we had been at the highest pitch of national prosperity. Wherever the Irishman goes, he builds his little chapel, and carries his schoolmaster with him. In America they carry chapel, schoolmaster and all in one train. [Laughter.] I should rather say, that everything is carried on from New York, except the scholars, who are already awaiting the school-house. [Laughter.] You will see the little church rising up wherever he settles on this continent; and in every town you will hear the nunnery bell tingling at five o'clock in the morning. You will find the Irish nuns teaching the children of Ireland; you will find the Irish priest following his flock all over the world, in the emigrant ship, in the back woods, everywhere. The question now may arise, shall we ever get rid of our present unhappy condition, difficult and discouraging as it is. I think we will; but never by violence. We will do so by moral order. We have to adhere to our religion as we always did; to maintain our integrity and love of country, and never allow a stain to be cast upon it in our presence, or by our conduct. We are not able for violence; we are too poor; we have no friends. Moral order will do everything. Obedience to the powers in existence, good conduct among ourselves, change of time, the progress of events, will bring round our happiness. I don't care how long it takes to do this. If we can make our country happy in the same time that it takes to make an oak tree come to maturity, I shall be content. The oak tree, during a century, is thrusting its roots into the ground, that it may bear the changes of the seasons, tempests and calms with equal power. So may it be with us. Better to wait a hundred years for the results of moral power than shed one drop of blood. I have no doubt, but that with the assistance of Providence, the progress of events will soon right us, and give us perfect emancipation in Ireland. [Loud applause.] Dr. Cahill having thanked the audience for the patience and attention with which they had listened to his lecture, retired amid hearty cheers.



